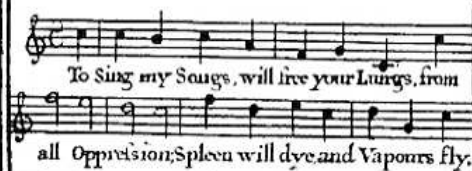


A Collection
SONGS,
With the Musick,
by
M^r Leveridge.

In Two Volumes.



LONDON
Engrav'd and Printed for
the Author in Tavistock-street,
Covent-Garden.

(1727)

Cleora.

1

Adia. *And.^{te}*

God of Love, at thy Altar no more we're in

Adia. *And.^{te}*

ploring, Bright Cle-o-ra all Hearts are adoring, Bright Cle-

And.^{te}

o-ra Bright Cleora all Hearts are a do

ring, Bright Cleora all Hearts are a

do ring.

2

Venus too must relize all her
Treasure, to this Goddess of Beauty, and Plea-
sure.
God of Love,
At thy
Da Capo

3

Rec.

When she appears upon the Green in all her
Luster, all her Mien, The Old, and Young about Her
Throng, and pay their Homage to Loves Queen.
But when she sings all Hearts are charm'd, Her
Accents reach the highest Pitch and Heav'n it self a-
charm'd.
Air

Air

Sing. Cle-o-ra; Lovely Creature, Charm the
world with thy Sweet Voice; Sing. Cle-o-ra;
Charm the world, Charm the world
with thy sweet Voice,

5

Charm the World, Charm the Wor...ld, with
thy Sweet Voice.
Hark, the Warblers of kind Nature, on the da
ncing, on the dancing, dancing Boughs re
joyce; Hark, the Warblers on the dancing
Boughs rejoyce. *Da Capo.*

Love's Folly.

11

How shall I cure the Smart of my fond wounded
Heart, that sighs in vain. How shall I cure the smart, of
my fond wounded Heart, sighs in vain. How shall I cure the
smart, of my fond wounded Heart, of my fond wounded
Heart, that sighs in vain, that sighs in vain, of

7

my fond wounded my fond wounded heart, that sighs in
vain. when I make Love she fools me, and when I'd go she
pulls me, she pulls me back she pulls me back a gain. she
pulls me back she pulls me back a gain. D.C.

The following words to be Sung
to the Notes of the first part.

*Yet there's a pleasure still,
Thus to obey her will,
And wear her Chain.*

Life a Bubble.

III

Since the Day of poor Man, that little, little

Span, tho long it can't last for the future, and past, is

Spent with remorse and dispair, pair, with such a full

Glass, with such a full Glass let that let that of Life pass.

'Tis made up of Trouble, a storm, tho a Bubble, there's no

Bliss, there's no Bliss like for getting for getting our care.

Good Advice.

III

Why all this Whining, why all this

Pining, Love is a Folly and Beauty is

Vain. Nothing so comon, as Wealth and

Women, To raise the Vapours and so Dull the

Brain, To him that's Merry, That's Frolick and

Airy. Nothing is grievous nor Nothing is

Sad. Then rouse thy Spirit, and
 take of thy Clarret, in one Smiling Bumper a
 cures to be had. Then rouse thy Spirit, and
 take of thy Clarrit in one Smiling
 Bumper a cures to be had.

*If Cloe fly thee,
 And still deny thee,
 Never look Sneaking nor never repine,
 If tis her fashion,
 To slight your passion.
 Then seem most easy and deny her thine,
 Yet slyly woo her,
 And closely pursue her,
 Or sh^el prove a Tyrant and Laugh if to scorn,
 When she seems wagh,
 Coquish and prudish,
 Then give her her humour and let her begin.*

*When next you meet her,
 Again intreat her,
 And if you find still sh^el make you her too,
 Nere let it vex you,
 Or once perplex you,
 Sh^el soon repent it and find whose the foot,
 Then to requite her,
 Despise her and slight her,
 And what you comended, as much discomend,
 But if love greive thee,
 And still will not leave thee,
 Then e'en love thy self first, and next love thy friend.*

Flute

12

Cloc.

V

Cloe, sure the Gods above, for our Toys, did

you compose, Cloe sure the Gods above, for our

Toys, did you compose. Gracefull as the Queen of

Love, wan...ton as the Billing Dove; fra

grant as the blowing Rose; grace...full

as the Queen of Love, wan...ton as the Billing Dove;

13

fragrant as the blow...ing Rose.

Wit, and Beauty both we find stri...ving

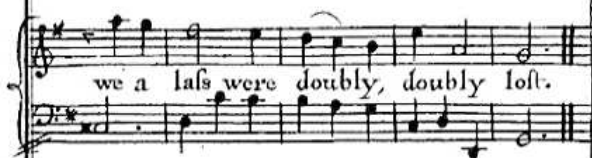
which shall arm...you most

doubly Cloe thus you bind, doubly Cloe

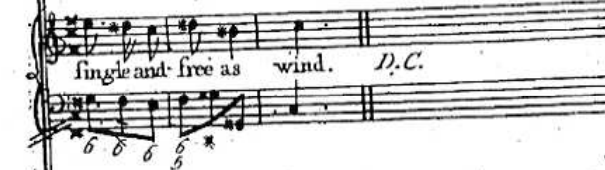
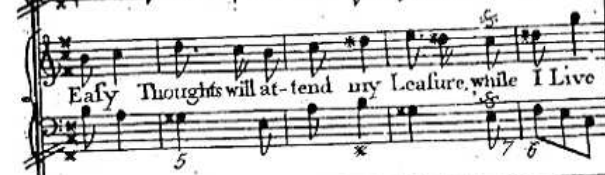
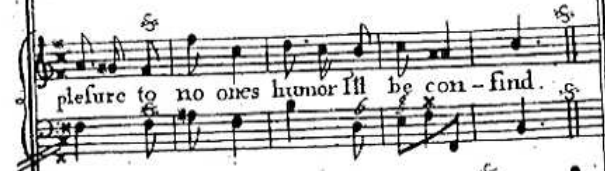
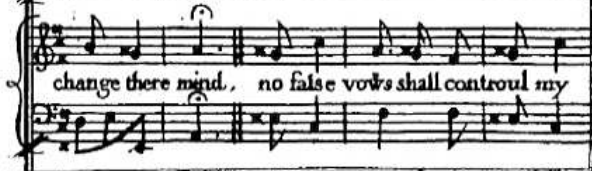
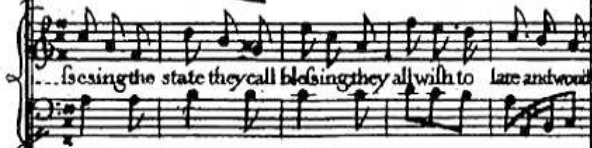
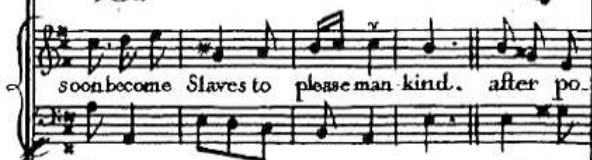
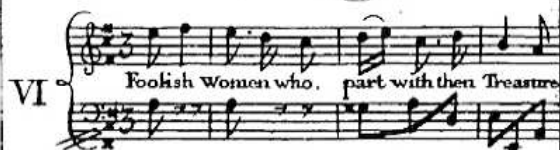
thus you bind, doubly Cloe thus you bind.

Had not Nature made you kind, We a-las

4 3



The Maids Resolution



Flute



*The Message.**Slow*

VII

Send home my long strayd Eyes to me, which

Oh too long have dwelt on thee, send home my long strayd

Eyes to me, which oh too long have dwelt on thee.

But if from you they learnt such ill, to sweetly

smile, and then beguile, keep the deceivers

keep em still.

2

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forget both,
Its word and oath,
Keep it for then 'tis none of mine.

3

Yet send me home my heart and eyes,
That I may see, and know thy lies,
That I one day may laugh when thou,
Shall grieve for one,
Thy love will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

Flute

Slow

The Rose.

VIII

Silvia behold that
new blown Rose. Silvia behold that
new blown Rose, the Image, the Image of thy Blush, the
Image of thy Blush, the Image of thy Blush.
Mark how it smiles up on the Bush and
triumphs as it grows and triumphs as it grows and

triumphs as it grows.
Oh pluck it not, well come a non thou
sayst a la'st will then begon, now its purple Beauties
spread, soon it will droop and fall, and soon it
will be not at all, no fine things draw a length of thread.
That

Fragrant Glowing, that Blushing Blowing, me...

...thinks does seem to say, come on, ... come on, ... and

take me while you may, come on, ... come on, ...

... come on, and take me while you may, come on, ...

... come on, come on, and

take me while you may, come on, come on, and

take me while you may.

Then use your Time.

Then use your Time, whilst in your Prime the

Cha...rms of Beauty will decay.

The Cha...

...rms of Beauty will decay. D.C.

Drink and agree.

IX

Leave of this Idle prating, Talk no
more of Whig or Tory. But fill your Glafs, round
let it pass, the Bottle stands before ye.

Chorus

Fill it up, to the top, let the Night with
Fill it up, to the top, let the Night with
Fill it up, to the top, let the Night with

Mirth be Crownd, drink a bout, see it out.
Mirth be Crownd, drink a bout, see it out.
Mirth be Crownd, drink a bout, see it out.
Love and friendship still go round.
Love and friendship still go round.
Love and friendship still go round.

. 2

*We gain both life and pleasure,
By Love and hearty drinking.
While States-men plod,
And Wink, and nod,
To kill themselves with thinking.*

*Cho:**Till it &c.*

3

If any are so 'Zelous,
To be a party's Minion,
Let 'em drink like me,
They'l soon agree,
And be of one opinion.

Cho:
Fill it &c.

4

If Claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure,
Let State affairs,
And Worldly cares,
Attend us at more leisure.

Cho:
Fill it &c.



The Lover Resolv'd.

X Phillis your fals hood I see and despise, nor
more will I bow like a Slave to those Eyes;
You may smile on, and deceive other hearts, now
mine bids de-fiance to Love, and his darts.

2

*Within the Compass
of the Flute.*

Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God Mars,
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars;
He shall Command me, and Fame I'll pursue,
Then farewell proud Minx & for ever adieu.

3

When I return, full of Riches, and Fame,
I'll find some Girl, that is worthy my Name,
Her will I court, and she shall be my Queen,
Whilst thou, like a fool, dye with Envy & spleen.

Disdain Retorted.

XI.

Cle.o.ra, by your pro-ud disdain the heart that long has

dra.....gd your chain is free is free a gain; No,

no mistaken Fair one know mistaken Fair one, know Loves fiery darts

-ts till tipt with kisses, never, never, never, never kindle.

Hearts

Adieu, vain Beautious

Tyrant, see thy angry Flames, thus thrown at me, Re-

to r on thee; For know it

is de-creed proud Fair, Inc'er must die, by a ny

scorching, but a melting Eye. no, no, proud Fair

Incer must die, by any scorching, but a

me. 65 6 76 76 76 76 6 6 1 - tiny

Eye. Eye.

A Yorkshire Tune.

XII.

Come hither good People both Aged and



A Parson there was and whose Name I could tell,
But if I doe not it may be full as well,
Whose Wife did all Yorkshire in Beauty exceed,
with a down.

Her Lodure so perfect, her Eyes black as slow,
Her Hair curling shon, and like jet it did show,
Which often denotes tis the same thing below,
with a down.

A sprightly young spark she had smitten so deep,
Nor day had he quiet, nor night could he sleep,
Which made him think how to her bed he should creep,
with a down.

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbond,
His mind to a Brother: he sure a good friend,
Who said fear not Woe, thou shalt compass thy end,
with a down.

In Woman's Apparell, dress out, and be gay,
I'll venture my life on't, twill be a side way,
If you considerd but to what I shall say,
with a down.

And thus to Old Tack on's this couple red on,
Dear Doctor says Frank, hows a thing to be don,
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own,
with a down.

This Lady that long has Loves passion desy'd,
And all my addresses so often deny'd,
Will now make me happy, by being my bride,
with a down.

'Tis past the Canonical hour said he,
And till the next morning you know it cant be,
And then I'll attend you Sir, most readily,
with a down.

Says Frank: I confide Sir you are perfectly right,
But here lyes the hardship wee cant while its light,
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to night,
with a down.

Take no care of that Sir, for thus it shall be,
The Lady if she thinks it fit to agree,
Shall lye with my Dearest, and you lye with me,
with a down.

You so much oblige me, in what you now say,
I hope in return I shall find out a way,
Such generous kindness, with thanks to repay,
with a down.

13
This being agreed on both Sides did consent,
To put the Glass round and the Evening was spent,
In Mirth and good Chere then to bed they all went,
with a down.

14
No Sooner in bed then but with a bold grace,
Watt full of desire thus opened the case,
Dear Madam says he must — then did embrace,
with a down.

15
Confounded She Lay and not able to Speak,
To think how these Wags had deceived her and Dick,
But at last she was pleas'd with the frolick and Trick,
with a down.

16
He pleas'd her so well that transported She lay,
Contriving and Plotting for his Longer stay,
Which this to her Husband she form'd the next day,
with a down.

17
This Lady my dearest last night full of grief,
Oft hug'd me and told me I can't for my life,
Consent tho I've promis'd him to be his wife,
with a down.

18
To Morrow said She and then freely went on,
Tho I Love him, my heart tells me I must be gon,
If so the poor Man you know may be undone,
with a down.

19
Now how to prevent this I'll think of away,
If I can persuade her some time hear to stay,
And that's a good Office I'm Sure you will say,
with a down.

20
Tis so my dear Creature, pray doe what you can,
To please her, and bring her to humour again,
And I'll doe my best to divert the poor Man,
with a down.

21
The Plot so well taken made both their hearts bound,
All night and all day to when ever they found,
Convenience for pastime her playfure he crown'd
with a down.

22
And thus my friend Watt his full Smiling did obtain
The Wife to his transport a whole week did reign,
And the Man neer the house, had his Man bad again,
with a down.

The derry downs only where I want to be

The present Quision about.

Violin

XIII

Now let's frolick sport and play,

Now let's frolick sport and play, be merry be airy, be

merry be airy, be merry be airy, be merry be airy, and

Revel whilst we may and Re...

vel whilst we may and Re...

Since

Time has allotted a measure, to heighten our lives with a

pleasure, the present Occasion O... boy... The

present Occasion O boy...

The present Occasion O boy. D.C.

The Swallow.

XIII. Foolish pater what dost thou so early at my
 Window do, with thy tunclefs Serenade, window do with thy
 tunclefs Serenade, well had been had Terius made the
 dumb, had Terius made the dumb, as Philomel, there
 there, there there his Knife had done but well.
 In thy turdis coverd Nest, thou dost all the Winter

rest and Dreamest on thy Sinners joys
 free from the sto... my seasons noise,
 free from the Ills, free from the Ills thoust done to
 me, who, who disturbs who dis-turbs or seeks out
 thee, Hadst thou all the Charming notes of the
 Woods Po-eti-ck Throats, Hadst thou all the

Charming Notes, of the woods Po-et-ick Throats,
 all thy art could never pay, what thou'st taen from
 me a way, all thy art could ne-ver, ne-ver
 pay, what thou'st taen from me a way. *Rec:* Cruel
 Bird thou'st taen a way, a Dream out of my Arms to
Time
 Day, a Dream that neer must equal'd be, by all that

wa-king Eyes may see. Thou this Damage
 to repair, nothing half so sweet or fair, nothing half so
 good canst bring tho Men say thou bringst the Spring.
 Thou this Damage to repair, nothing half so sweet or fair,
 nothing half so good canst bring; tho Men say thou
 bringst the Spring. *From Cowley*

Love's best Proof

Rec.

XV

Leave off this fawning whining

Stuff, through all your wiles, I plainly

see you play the Lover well enough. But that a

... lone won't do with me.

Air

To tell me you are in Love, that I am all you

want, that I am all, that I am all you want and

that you'll constant prove. I Laugh

I Laugh at that Old

cant. I La

ugh, I Laugh at that Old cant.

No, no

no if you'll transport me with the *Pine*, you must
court me with the *Pine*, you must court me tis shining Gold must
prove, must prove your faith in Love, tis
shining Gold must prove your faith in
Love. D.C.

Age.
XVI. Off I'm by the Women sold, Poor An-a-creon Poor An-a-creon thou growst old,
thou growst old, see how thy Hairs are falling
all, see, see Poor An-a-creon Poor An-a-creon thou growst old, Whether I grow old or
no, by the effects I do not know this I know without being

told, tis time to Live, tis ti... me to Live, tis

Air

time to Live if I grow old,

tis time short Pleasures now to take of little Life the

best to make, and manage Wi... sely

the last stake, tis time short Pleasures now to take, of

little Life the best to make, and manage Wi...

sely the last stake.

Flute

Rec: Time

often by the water

Rec:

Air

sely the last stake.

The Biter Bit.

XVII

When Strephon to Cloe made Love his pre-
tence, 'twas all but a sham, his chief Aim was her
pence. For Twelve thousand pounds the sly Gipsie did
pals, and He topt as much. He topt as much with an
Impudent face.

2

And thus for a while they both lay on the catch,
Till at length they consorted, and struck up a match.
But soon to their cost for all their deep wit,
He found himself tropt, She found her self bit.

3

Such Wedlocks a banter if wife make
no doubt,
And those that get in would be glad to
get out,
'Twas ever confest since the World first
began,
Your Fortunes are bites & so bite
as bite can.

4

Soldier and Citizen, Lawyer & Squire,
Both sexes for Money each other admire,
All spread out their Snarls in hopes to
trapan,
The Worlds all a cheat, & so cheat as
cheat can.

Flute

The Tickle Fair

XVIII

How Court Do rinda, who the Devil would
 ever prove so tame a lot, If you are kind, then Shes Un-
 civil When you would Love, then She will not, To Contra-
 dict is all Her Pleasure, Her utmost virtue to De ny
 Her Modesty that boasted Treasure, Is to give Her
 self the Lye. Then neer Mistaken Youth stand doating on

Woman for her Beauties sake, Then neer Mistaken
 Youth stand doating on woman for her Beauties sake, nor for a silly
 Prize lie Floting which shell not give no, no, no, which shell not give
 but you may take, Summon out all the Powers within her
 Then boldly push, boldly push she cant with stand, youll
 find the surest way the surest way to win her is to En-gage

Is to Engage with Sword in Hand, to En ga

ge with Sword in Hand, Hand.

Within the Compass
of the Flute.

Flute
To the following Song.

The Toast.

Long live the Lads that's allways frank & easy, de

lighting still to please ye, Long live the Lads, Long live the

Lads, To such a Girl theres no one here I dare to swear will

prove a Churl, If kindness be the Soul of Love as doubtless all a

prove, the Soul of Love as all a prove, Then Cloes charms Ill ever

hoast and she shall bey Toast.

The Faires.

XX Now the hungry Lions roar, and howling Wolves be
hold the Moon, Now the heavy Plowmen snear after daily
Labours done, Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round
ever sacred be this ground.

2^d Fairy Now the Brando of Fire do glow,
Whilst the Scrotch Owl Stretching loud,
Puts the watch that lyes in woe.
In remembrance of a Shroud.
Trip it &c.

3

3^d Fairy Now it is the time of night,
That the Graves are gaping wide.
Every one lets forth his Spright.
In the Church-way paths to glide.
Trip it &c.

4

4th Fairy And we Faires that do run,
By the Triple Heats team,
From the presence of the Sun.
Following darkness like a dream,
Trip it &c.

5

5th Fairy Tho we first lick let no mouse,
Or boarding bird or beast of prey,
Disturb the quiet of this House.
But downy sleep bring on y day,
Trip it &c.

6

6th Fairy Weaving Spiders come not here,
Spotted Snakes do no offence,
Beetles black approach not near.
Worm and Snail be far from hence.
Trip it &c.

7

7th Fairy By the dead and drowzy fire,
Every Elf and Fairy Spright,
Hop as little Bird from brier,
Nimbly, nimbly, and as light,
Trip it &c.

8

8th Fairy Now join all your warbling notes,
In Chorus of Sweet Harmony,
Strain aloud your Fairy throats,
Sing and Dance it Trippingly,
Trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it softly round,
Ever sacred be this ground.

Chorus

Chorus

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace, we will sing

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace we will sing

bles this place. Hand in hand with Fairy grace we will sing

bles this place. Hand in hand, with Fairy grace we will sing

bles this place.

bles this place.

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace.

Hand in hand, with Fairy grace.

we will sing and bles this place. Hand in hand wth Fairy grace

we will sing and bles this place. Hand in hand wth Fairy grace

we will sing and bles this place.

we will sing and bles this place.

2 Voc. May May

Plenty pastime and sweet peace, daily in this House increafe

Plenty pastime and sweet peace, daily in this House increafe

daily, daily, daily, daily, daily in this House in crease
 daily, daily, daily, daily, daily in this House in crease

DC

Flute

Verse

Chorus

Ritor:

2 Voices

5th

The chorus again

Flute

God of love

Flute

Sing Gloria

Flute *How shall I care*

Flute *Ue nore*

Flute *Behold*

Rec.

Flute *Since the day of peo*

Flute
Now let's frolic

Flute
Leave of this fanning

Da Capo

Flute

Flute
Come hither

Time

Rit.

Flute

*Teora
by
year*

Should die

Fini

An Air. By Mr. Morris Applin. Dedicated to Mr. J. Ames.

S-pring in its bloom, with Flora's vest,
A-nd lovely June, with roses drest,
L-ook like fair Sally's snowy neck,
L-ike Sally's breast, and rosy cheek:
Y-ea, beauty's with politeness join'd,
V-irtue, and wise Minerva's mind.

I-n vain I write my artless verse,
N-ot half her praise can I rehearse.
C-an the choice flowers of the field,
E-v'n all combin'd, more sweetness yield?
N-o; though she to vain earth is giv'n,
T-hose beauties were desir'd from heav'n.

Observations on a Gentlewoman, working by an Hour-Glass.

The Words by Ben Johnson. Set to Music by Mr. Leveridge.

Do bet con-s-der this small dust, here run-ning in the

glass, by a-toms mov'd;

Would you be-lieve that this the bo-dy was of

one that lov'd, and in his mis-tress' flames,

play-ing like a fly, was turn-ed in-to cin-ders.

by her eye. Yet, as in life,
so in their deaths un-bled, a lo-ver's ash-es
ne-ver, ne-ver, never, ne-ver, never, ne-ver, ne-ver can find
rest.

A NEW COUNTRY DANCE.
MISS BETSEY THOUGHTLESS.

First and second men lead through the sides and turn Δ ; their partners do the same Δ ; first couple gallop down, one couple gallop back again, and cast off Δ ; the second couple do the same Δ ; the first couple cross over and half figure, and right and left quite round Δ .



The return from the Chace.

Set by Mr. Severidge.

The sweet ray Morning peeps over the Hills, With blushes adorning the
Chorus:
Meadows & Fields. The merry, merry, merry Horn calls come, come, come a
way. Awake from your Slumber, and hail the new Day. The

The Stag rous'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the Chorus
Of Hounds in full Cry;
Then follow, follow, follow, follow,
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure and Vigorous
Health you embrace.

The Days Sport when over
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh charms for y^e Night.
Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown y^e Day.

Flute